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## THE OLD HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.

A NEW Haileybury College, like a hermit crab, has taken possession of the shell of the old Haileybury. But the existence of new Haileybury numbers only thirty years. It was in 1858 that the old Haileybury College closed its gates, and ceased to send forth to India a specially trained band of young men to carry on the civil administration of the Indian empire. It is of the old Haileybury College that we now write. Almost all those who passed through Haileybury into the Indian Civil Service entertained an affectionate regard for their *alma mater*. From year to year a commemorative dinner is held in London by the retired Indian Civil servants, to which they invite the surviving professors of the College, as a pleasant renewal of the friendly feelings of old times.

It is unnecessary to ransack ancient records to show how the Chairman and Directors of the East India Company were prompt to recognise the expediency of establishing a special training college for the young men—then called writers—whom they sent out to carry on the Civil departments of government in India. Originally there was an institution at Hertford where handwriting, double entry, and book-keeping formed part of the curriculum of instruction. But when the Directors had built their own palatial College at Haileybury, they determined that the students should receive a more liberal education, in classical and modern literature, in mathematics, in political economy and law, and in the several oriental languages, which would be of practical use in India.

Haileybury College stands on the southern slope of a low range of hills, about two miles from Hertford. It is about the same distance from the little towns of Ware and Hoddesdon. It was almost surrounded by ancient woods, in which the nightingales were numerous. The soil was a cold clay, and there was but a scant supply of water. The site was isolated. Probably the directors of the East India Company thought it expedient to keep their young men as far as pos-

sible removed from the temptations of any large town.

The College was in the form of a large quadrangle, covering an area of about one hundred and fifty yards square. The south or ornamental front looked upon a broad raised terrace. The south front contained the Chapel, Library, and Dining-hall. The main-entrance gate and porter's lodge faced to the west; and on either side of them were the principal lecture-rooms, supplemented by a reading-room and billiard-room. The north and east buildings were devoted chiefly to the four sets of rooms in which the students lived. The Principal and several of the professors had their houses in the quadrangle, so as partly to divide the students' quarters. The College kitchen and buttery were in the south-east angle, convenient to the College Hall. The Hall served also periodically as the examination chamber.

The educational staff of the College had been carefully chosen. In 1842 Dr Le Bas, a sound scholar and an eloquent preacher, was Principal. Dr Jeremie, the Dean and classical lecturer, was charged with maintaining the discipline of the College, a duty for which his kindly and tender nature seriously unfitted him. Canon Heavyside, the chief mathematical lecturer, was always popular with the students, officially and socially. The law lecturer was Empson, the friend and son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey. The Rev. Richard Jones, the author of the well-known book on *Rent*, was Professor of Political Economy and History. Captain Schach, a retired Indian officer, taught Hindustani. The Mirza Mahomed Ibraheem, a Persian gentleman, was Professor of Arabic and Persian; whilst Mr Johnson, a self-taught oriental scholar, equally familiar with Persian and Sanskrit, had the pleasure of introducing us to the mysteries of the Sanskrit tongue.

The students were about eighty in number. Every half-year the senior term of twenty men passed out into the Indian public service, and twenty new students were admitted into the College. We all wore caps and gowns, and were divided into four terms, or classes, with separate

lectures for each class. The young men were nominated by the Directors of the East India Company, chiefly from the upper middle class of society. Some of the students had been at Oxford or Cambridge. The public schools, such as Eton, Rugby, Winchester, and Charterhouse, sent their quota. But the majority of the young men passed the entrance examination into the College by undergoing a special preparation at certain professional cramming.

A day's life at Haileybury began with chapel at eight o'clock; and we were expected to get our breakfast finished in time for the first lecture at nine o'clock. During the first term this lecture was in classics. The next lecture was at ten o'clock in Sanskrit; and the third at eleven o'clock in law. The subjects varied according to the days of the week. Our public lectures were all over at twelve o'clock, and then we were left to our own devices. Some very hard-working men would read in their rooms the whole day, merely taking a short constitutional walk. Others went off to Hertford or Ware to spend the day. There were five-courts, and a cricket-field attached to the College, and many men found ample amusement there. Our boating was obtained under difficulties, for the river Lee was two miles off. There were always carts and other vehicles to be hired near College; and the landlord of the *Rye House Inn*, where our boats were kept, set up an old stagecoach, which used to wait at the College gate at twelve o'clock for the special conveyance of the members of the Boat Club. When the boating-men were at the *Rye House* they usually remained to dine there; but if they wished to return for dinner in the College Hall, they had to be back by six o'clock.

A substantial dinner was provided in Hall. The students sat at separate tables according to their terms. The Principal and professors of the College dined at high table in the Hall at the same time as the students. After dinner we adjourned to our rooms for wine-parties, as we were allowed to draw a small quantity of wine—a bottle a week—from the College cellars—which was of course supplemented from our own contraband private stores. There was evening chapel, by way of a roll-call, at eight p.m., and then we were expected to devote ourselves to private study. In the set to which I belonged our study took the form of loo, and we played loo almost every evening, with intervals for refreshment, till twelve o'clock, when a College watchman, or the marshal, warned us that we must retire, all lights being then put out.

The discipline of the College was not over-strict; but there were fixed hours for 'gates'; and if any student returned to College after gate-hours, the time at which he passed through the porter's lodge was reported to the Dean. This regulation led to the use of certain unauthorised entrances into College; and although all the external windows on the ground-floor rooms were

secured with strong iron bars, some of us knew where a removable bar was to be found in case of necessity. Even the high iron terrace gates, surmounted by *chevaux-de-frise*, were occasionally scaled, when an accomplice inside the College could provide a blanket or a saddle to cover the revolving spikes.

The relations between the students and the professors were generally good. Some of the lectures were not very difficult, and the professors did their best to make even the difficult subjects as pleasant as might be. Some men had a great antipathy to the oriental languages, and could not induce themselves to learn them. There was one young man of my term, to whom I will give the name of Burton, who really gave himself more trouble about not learning Sanskrit and Persian than if he had quietly settled down to the work. He was a lad of good ability, and had a fair reputation as a classical scholar. But he conceived an aversion to the Sanskrit language; and the appeals of the amiable professor were addressed to him in vain. But whilst Burton took his peculiar mode of not learning Sanskrit, he was equally perverse in his hatred of the study of Persian.

The Persian professor, the Mirza Mahomed Ibraheem, soon took a dislike to Burton, whose conduct at lecture was, to say the least, frivolous; and a hearty pluck was anticipated for Burton at the final examination. But Burton disappointed the professor. With the help of a friend, he learnt two out of the four dialogues by heart, and could repeat them fluently, to the astonishment of those who did not understand his character. When the examiner, Professor Wilson, arrived from London, and the term was arranged before him, he naturally began with the student at the head of the term, who performed fluently. Burton meanwhile began to attract attention by making a noise and laughing, and the Mirza at once fell into the trap.—'Ah! Mr Wilson,' said he, 'perhaps you will next take Mr Burton and put him out of his misery, as he wants to be plucked.' So Professor Wilson called up Burton, who, professing to read from his book, repeated and translated a part of the dialogue which he had learnt by heart. 'Thank you, sir,' said Professor Wilson; 'you have done very well; and Mirza ought not to have tried to prejudice me against you.' The Mirza's indignation may be imagined.

We also had to learn the Hindustani language, of which Captain Schach was the professor. To the best of my recollection it presented no great difficulties; but in my term we paid little attention to it, and only learnt enough to get a pass. The fact was that in our term there was one young man who had been born in India, where he had acquired Hindustani as a child, and his parents had carefully kept up his knowledge of both the spoken and written language. Poor Charles Manson! He was very good-looking, and a great favourite, and no one grudged him

his prizes. He was one of the earliest victims of the Indian Mutiny, and his brilliant career was thus sadly closed. At Haileybury, he and the professor did most of the lecture between them. On one occasion, the professor desired the class to learn some extra chapters of Hindustani, beyond the usual college work, when the class unanimously refused. This was the beginning of a great College row, which lasted for several days; and though the students had very little cause to be proud of their grave misconduct, it can hardly be said that the College authorities showed sufficient wisdom or discretion in dealing with the affair.

When Captain Schaleh had lodged his complaint with the Principal, the latter took counsel with his other colleagues, and very soon a messenger arrived summoning some of the heads of the offending term to appear before the Principal. When these young men appeared, they were informed of the charge against them and requested to apologise. They advisedly pleaded that they had no authority from the rest of their fellows to offer an apology, and they suggested that all the members of the term should be summoned to the presence-chamber. To this the authorities weakly consented, and it was settled that the whole term should appear before the Principal the next day at twelve. This being done, the kindly old gentleman was proceeding to lecture them, when he was interrupted by a request that the Professor of Hindustani should be confronted with them. When Captain Schaleh arrived, one of the leading students abruptly asked him to state what information he had given to the Principal. 'I told him,' said Captain Schaleh, 'that you declined to continue the lecture, and left the room tumultuously.'—'Did you not tell us to leave the room?' asked the student.—'No, sir,' said Captain Schaleh; but then recollecting himself, he said: 'Perhaps I may have told you to leave the room, but of course I did not mean it.'—'There, sir!' shouted the student to the Principal, who was slightly deaf; 'Captain Schaleh admits that he told us to leave the room; and we think that he is bound to apologise to us, rather than that we should apologise to him.' Of course Captain Schaleh scorned the idea of apologising; and the Principal, who was not prepared for this turn of affairs, determined to consult his colleagues, and he requested us to retire.

Unluckily, quite independent of this affair, it chanced that a very popular student had been sentenced to rustication that very day. His offences were merely the offences of idleness, such as non-attendance at chapel and lectures, and similar breaches of discipline. When a student was rusticated, it was the custom of the College authorities to send him off in a yellow postchaise and pair in charge of the College marshal. The other students usually assembled at the porter's lodge to bid adieu to their departing brother. On this occasion, when the postchaise came to the door, the postboy was surprised to find his traces unhitched and the postchaise going off towards the ditch; but the College servants came to the rescue, and our friend B— was presently driven off up the avenue amongst the cheers of his fellow-students. The Dean came out, and in his usual gentle and pathetic manner, begged the students to go to

their rooms; and peace was temporarily restored. But the wrath of the young men was now turned upon the unfortunate Dean, who had been the author of the sentence of rustication on their late comrade, and a riot and breaking of windows followed.

It is hardly possible after so many years to remember all the details of the row. Lectures were suspended; and from time to time students were summoned before the dons, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos and threes, and they were questioned with a view to make them confess who were the principal delinquents. Some of the favourite professors, such as Heavyside and Jones, sent for several of us to their private houses and talked most kindly to us about our folly. They knew pretty well who the leaders in the row or rebellion were, and they were chiefly men of the term to which I belonged. Several of the worst among us were invited to go to the bursar's office, and there we met with a most unexpected offer of terms. He said that he was authorised to advance five pounds (this money was duly charged in our College bills, to the disgust of certain parents and guardians) to each of us, if we would agree to withdraw ourselves from the College until we had had time for reflection and repentance. We cheerfully accepted the offer, and six or seven of us adjourned to Long's Hotel in Bond Street, where we lived a gay and idle life as long as our ready-money lasted. Then, as the dons had expected, we sued for permission to return to College, and promised to misbehave no more if our conduct was condoned; and we faithfully kept our promise.

It is more pleasant to turn to the recollection of some of those days known as the 'Dis' days,' when the Chairman of the East India Company and a number of the Directors came down to Haileybury to hear the results of the half-yearly examination, and to present the prizes to the students who had won them. Certainly the prizes were very liberal. For the men of the term which was completing its College career there were gold medals for every subject; and there were handsome book prizes for the other terms. It sometimes happened that the young man at the head of his term was so superior to his fellows that he would carry off almost every prize, and he could hardly stagger away under his load of prize books. In the term to which I belonged we had no very severe competition for the prizes, but they were settled by a sort of understanding amongst ourselves. Thus, one of us took the Persian and Hindustani medals without a rival; another man appropriated the Classical and Sanskrit medals; a third man was *facile princeps* in Mathematics and Law. History was considered an open subject, and as it gave little trouble, no one monopolised it. It was the custom for the winning students to read out their prize exercises in Sanskrit, Persian, and Hindustani; and it was vaguely supposed that the Chairman and some of the Directors could understand them; but of this I have much doubt. Finally, the Chairman of the Court of Directors addressed the assembled company; and after congratulating the Principal and professors on the meritorious performances of the students, the latter received a valuable exhortation as to their future conduct and their

intercourse with the people of India; whilst they were admonished to follow the bright examples of the many great and good men who had gone forth from Haileybury before them.

### JOHN VALE'S GUARDIAN.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of 'VAL STRANGE,' 'JOSEPH'S COAT,'  
'RAINBOW GOLD,' etc.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

TOBIAS had intrenched himself in his bedroom, and had rammed against the door the disreputable old trunk in which he carried about his belongings. It was a feeble sanctuary, for at any moment Madame might rail at him from without, and her voice was only a trifle less terrible to the detected sinner than her presence. The wicked old man had had no rum that morning, and to be without rum of a morning was to be the mournfullest sport of destiny. Under such conditions Tobias knew himself liable to mix the false and the true. Familiar things took lurid shapes. The harmless poker would assume a threatening curl upon a sudden, and display the liveliest powers of motion. Old acquaintances, who had been dead for many years, and whose bodily presence was on that account at least improbable, held fugitive interviews with him. He had a general knowledge that his apprehension of outward things was tinged with error; but he was powerless to resolve his surroundings to their true elements. A little rum would have cleared everything; but it was Sunday morning, and there was no hope for him until an hour after mid-day.

Whilst he sat meekly enduring a hundred shameful discomforts, he heard Snelling's loud summons at the door of the house, and shortly afterwards his big voice humming and booming in the hall. Now, he thought, Madame would have her hands full; and now, if ever, there was a chance to steal away. He tugged the disreputable old trunk from its place by the door, and was horrified to see it rise on a pair of shadowy hind-legs and to hear it bark at him. It took him a minute or two to recover from the effects of this dreadful phenomenon, and even when he had fairly done so, he walked on tiptoe round it, fearful of awaking new demonstrations. He made for the door, keeping a timorous eye upon the demoniac portmanteau. He had already turned the handle, when he awoke to the fact that he had forgotten his hat. The flaccid thing drooped at him with a high-shouldered leer from the mantel-piece. He was nine-tenths afraid of it, badge and emblem of respectability as he knew it; and to get at it he had to pass the trunk of diabolic surprises. He stepped gingerly, sweating and trembling, and anticipatory of horrible change. Nothing happened. He was safely outside the door, with the venerable relic round his brows. There was something horribly suggestive in the smooth curve of the banisters, and he was uncertain as to what might happen next. But Madam's voice was pealing through the house, and acted on him like a tonic. He slipped through the front doorway, closed the door with a nervous click behind him, and came upon the street.

For a while he pattered about aimlessly, but by-and-by, discovering that his unconscious footsteps had led him in the direction of the railway station, he began to think that he had a chance of encountering Mr Snelling there, and of at least making good his expenses of the day before. His thoughts were humble, and soared no higher than that. Isaiah's discovery of his scheme had pricked the inflated, exaggerated hope of Saturday. The fairy realms of Moses & Co. were closed to him, and those smiling, shining rows of barmaids who were to have dram-drinks from him on the morrow had melted into air. The station doors were closed, and he lingered outside the building, furtively smoking a dirty clay, which he hid on the approach of any person of respectable exterior. If Tobias had only known it, he had not been cut out by nature for the shabby old sinner he was. He had miserably misbehaved himself all his life long; but he had so ardent an esteem for the respectable, that the game he played never paid for the candle. The way of transgressors is always hard. There is scarcely a fragment of real truth anywhere for which you cannot find a corollary everywhere. It is as true in morals as it is in business that lazy people take the most pains.

The nervous fingers of poor Tobias went fumbling by nature in one direction or another at most moments. He was one of those men who at any moment of mental emptiness explore empty pockets, not in hope of finding anything, but in shambling excuse for vacant idleness. His hands went prowling now about his shabby old coat-tails, his gray-lipped trousers' pockets, and the dog's-eared pouches of his waistcoat. In the course of these purposeless excursions, his shaking fingers lighted on Snelling's cheque. He drew it out and looked at it with alcoholic tears, as a pilgrim might look at a cancelled passport to the promised land. So little a time ago, and it had meant so much. He remembered the weary way between Castle-Barfield and Beacon-Hargate, and the return journey, still drearier and more comfortless. There was an impersonal pity in his thoughts, as if it were another, and not himself, who had trodden that toilsome road.

Time went uncertainly with Tobias, and he was not sure how long he had wandered about there when the doors of the station were thrown open by a rosy-cheeked, corduroyed porter, who whistled a popular revival hymn tune. A minute later, Snelling broke in sight, walking erect, with his shoulders a little more squared, and his head a little more thrown back than usual. There was something so stern and resolute in his aspect that Tobias would have feared to accost him; but, to his amazement, though hardly to his relief, Snelling bore straight down upon him.

'You're here, are you?' he said. He was not original in greeting, and had offered that affirmative query to Isaiah only a little while before. It was a formula which he employed with people much below him in social rank, and marked at once and decisively their position and his own.

Mr Orme touched the flaccid brim of the silk hat, and made a delicate show of raising it. 'I had not expected, sir,' he said, 'the honour of an encounter; but if I might enjoy the privilege of a word or two, sir.'



'Say what you've got to say, my man,' said Snelling, not displeased by Mr Orme's extreme humility.

'Thank you, sir,' said Tobias. 'I desire to remark, sir, that it was not my fault if I was discovered yesterday by Mr Winter in the performance of my duty.'

Mr Snelling had set himself a part to play, and was not subtle enough to play it by halves. He had adopted the genial rôle, and geniality was only tempered and softened by the reflection that he had been misunderstood and ill-used. He was blusteringly amiable, therefore, in his manner, but the bluster was a trifle chastened.

'Say out what you've got to say, my good fellow. Speak up! There's no need to be afraid of me.'

He still carried the riding-whip with which he had set out that morning, and having slapped his booted leg with it, stowed it under his left armpit with its silver-gilt head projecting. Mr Orme's attitude and expression displayed a full cognisance of Snelling's splendours of demeanour. The little fat abject man drew the cheque from his dog's-eared waistcoat pocket.

'In respect to this, sir?' he said feebly.

'Keep it,' said Snelling; and Tobias, in the whirl of glad excitement, only half heard the words which followed: 'I'm a man as pays a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. You did your dooty, and I make no doubt we shall come up with the lads in a day or two. I shall set my lawyer to work with that view; and if they're contomelious, they'll have to suffer for it, as I've told 'em. In the meantime, if you pick up anything as may be of service, you've got my address, and you can drop me a line.—I'm a man,' said Mr Snelling, somewhat carried away by his new conception of himself, 'as never neglects to repay a service. You act square by me, my man, and I shan't forget you.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Mr Orme, stowing the cheque away in secret haste, lest the big man should suddenly veer from his intention. 'You may rely upon my humble services.'

Snelling bade him a majestic good-morning and walked into the station. He felt generous and self-approving, and saw that his action was on a par with his best opinions of himself. But slow and dull as he was, he saw the necessity of a bolder strategy than he had yet discovered. Somehow or other, Isaiah had lighted upon the truth about him; and let him scout the notion as he might, and let him bury his own vile purpose in as deep and dark a recess as he could find, he had to own a danger. The crime looked natural—as it could only look to one to whom it had been possible. Isaiah's story was grounded on probability, and if it were spread abroad, his neighbours might believe it. If young John Vale came back into his charge, there was nothing possible but the kindest and most fatherly treatment for him. He should have it, or at least he should seem to have it. But—

In the meantime he had to disarm suspicion. He must act, and act decisively, before Isaiah could get back with his story. In Snelling's dull, vulgar, egotistic mind, the thoughts of the whole world pointed in his direction. Nobody is so careful of public opinion as a certain sort of

egotist, for his self-opinion puts him on a fancied pinnacle where all eyes behold him.

Now, how to trick Isaiah? How best to be beforehand with him? The theory of a discharged servant's spite would help him somewhat; but looking at it, he thought it wanting in strength. He recalled suddenly Isaiah's mention of Macfarlane. Whatever real ill usage had befallen the boy had happened to him at Macfarlane's hands. He would repudiate his own orders. He saw an opportunity and a way of doing this at once. The idea fired him, and his sluggish brain moved more rapidly than common. He matured his plan as the local train bore him idly homewards, and before he had reached Castle-Barfield, he was ripe with it, and eager to put it into practice.

Macfarlane had been a Presbyterian in his Scottish youth, and when he had migrated southwards, had made a spiritual resting-place for himself amongst the Congregationalists. He brought a sort of gloomy fervour to the church he joined, and did a good deal of honest hard work in its Sunday school. After years of probation, he had been elected superintendent. Snelling knew that at the time of his arrival scholars and teachers would be gathered together for their afternoon's duties. He was bent upon publicity, and could nowhere secure it so swiftly as by bearding Macfarlane among his subordinates there.

The superintendent was in conference with the mild old minister, and perhaps a dozen of the elders of his staff, when Snelling walked, unannounced, into the room in which they sat. He himself was known as a church-goer, not particularly regular, but prejudiced enough against intrusive outer creeds, and his presence there was a little startling. Macfarlane bustled to him and shook hands.

'We are seriously engaged, Mr Snelling,' he said, pressing him a little backward, as if he would lead him from the room.

'I venter to think,' returned Mr Snelling, 'that you can't be engaged too serious to spare a minute to clear a fellow-townsmen's character.—There's a shameful story got up agen me, gentlemen,' he added, raising his voice and looking round him, 'and so far as I can gather, Mr Macfarlane is mixed up with it.'

'Really, sir,' the minister protested, 'this is not the place or the time.'

'I know no better,' cried Snelling; 'I know no other. I'll have my case tried here and now.' There was a weight and force about him which made themselves acknowledged. The deep deliberate tones and solid presence were answerable for something, but the overbearing will did more.

The parson drew his watch from his fob and looked about him irresolutely. 'The opening exercises of the school should begin,' he said, 'in five minutes' time from now.'

'Less than five minutes' time will serve my turn,' said Snelling. 'The matter's as serious to your superintendent as it is to me. No company of honest men should lose a minute in looking into it.—I'm no hand at a speech, gentlemen,' he continued, 'but I can tell a plain story.'

He stood with his broad-brimmed glossy hat in his left hand and his riding-whip in his right, and now and then emphasised his tale by a motion of one or the other. He could not have

found anywhere a stauncher representative for that figure of high honour he pictured in his mind.

'Most of you know that when my cousin, John Vale, died, he left me his sole exekiter and the guardian of his child. The b'y had had a blow upon the head, and went soft and stupid. Mr Macfarlane had the schooling of him; and the b'y, stimulated to the rash act by a young rend-all of the name of Gregg, run away from school. The story they was told to tell was that Mr Macfarlane had beat the lad often, like a savage and without a cause. They was set on furthermore to say that this was done in obedience to my orders.—The whole wicked story comes to this, that I, Robert Snelling, plotted with you, Alexander Macfarlane, to drive the soft lad softer, so that his property might never come into his hands, but stop in mine. Now, I ask you, face to face, Macfarlane, and I call on you to answer like a honest man—Is theer a word of truth in that?'

'Not a word!' gasped Macfarlane—'not a single word.'

'You hear, gentlemen,' said Snelling. 'This is no light thing, gentlemen. If you'll turn it over in your minds, you'll be hard put to it to think of a wicked charge to bring against two respectable men. I've sacked the fellow as trumped-up the story, and I can do no more. I look for'ard to having the lad home again in a day or two, and my conduct'll prove what truth there is in the tale.—Unfortunately, gentlemen,' he pursued with a tone and manner of mournful allowance, 'our friend Macfarlane's hand is known to be a bit heavy on the youth he deals with.—Not a word agen our friend Macfarlane, gentlemen—not a word. His severity is always meant well; but for once it seems to have had a bad effect. It has lent colour, gentlemen, to a tale which every right-minded man will call owdacious.'

If at this time there were any protest against the rule of Father Stick at all, there was certainly no more than enough life in it to stir the zeal of his defenders. If Macfarlane had flogged a slow and stupid pupil, what other stimulant had ever been discovered for a dull intellect? Your dull ass will not mend his pace for beating; but your dull boy may at least be made to serve as a beacon of terror and warning to boys not dull. The wisdom of Castle-Barfield's forefathers had found no better uses for dull boys at school, and the modern men were not disposed to be newfangled. Snelling's protest looked a little unnecessary to most of them.

'A heinous charge, Mr Snelling,' said the minister—'a most heinous charge, and I make bold to say a most unfounded one. Your own known character refutes it, sir.—As for our friend Macfarlane, he is safe in our judgment of him. We have known him too long to change our opinion at the bidding of any scandal-monger.'

'I had a grave charge put upon me, sir,' said Snelling with becoming dignity, 'when the b'y's father died. It was a sore blow to me when the b'y run away from Mr Macfarlane's school. I felt that I could do no other than put my heel on the snake's head here, amongst gentlemen, some of which has known me from my b'yhood's hour. I am cheered by your confidence, gentlemen, and I shall take no further notice of the

story. I could wish, not as our friend Macfarlane had been less severe, but as the boy's temper might have permitted him so to be.—Good-afternoon, gentlemen.—Your hand, sir'—to Macfarlane—'I will not believe for a moment as it is unworthy to rest within my own.'

As he walked back to the inn where he had left the mare, and as he sat there over a somewhat comfortless mid-day meal, to which an appetite two hours deferred compelled him to do more than average justice, he surveyed the scene in memory and approved his own conduct of it warmly. Whatever blame there might seem to be in the matter, he had shifted adroitly to Macfarlane's shoulders, and in the very magnanimity of his forgiveness had strengthened his own case.

In a little while he doubted nothing but that young John would once more be under his guardianship. There would be watchful eyes upon him now, and evil tongues to distort his acts, if anyhow they should be capable of distortion. The day of severity was over, and his first crude and pitiless plan had gone to pieces.

None the less his purpose held. The essence of the land had grown into his blood. He had no scheme ready, nothing but one dark and vague determination. But if John Vale grew up to stand between Robert Snelling and the acres he had set his heart on, it would be the worse for him.

#### THE CONFUSION OF PROPER NAMES.

It is often claimed for the Prince of Wales that he has an extraordinary memory for names and faces. This may seem a trifling matter, until one reflects how rare such an accomplishment is, and how very desirable it is that a public personage should remember almost everybody—everybody, that is, of importance, and, indeed, a great many of those who are of no importance, but whom it is nevertheless unwise to offend. To remember the correct Christian and surname of a tolerably large circle of acquaintances is a difficult matter; to spell them *all* correctly, and to avoid confounding, for instance, Mr Smith with Mr Smythe, is almost impossible. Unless one is very careful indeed, Mr Browne's name will sometimes pass without the final 'e,' and then the fat is in the fire with a vengeance. A story told of Moore illustrates how names may be confounded. When in Paris, the poet observed an acquaintance talking to two ladies. Noticing that one of the ladies kept looking in his direction, he asked his acquaintance, when he rejoined him, what was the nature of their conversation, 'because,' said Moore, 'I know you were talking about me.'—'Well,' said the friend, 'the lady observed that she was delighted to have had the pleasure of seeing so famous a personage.'—'Indeed!' returned the gratified poet; 'anything more?'—'Yes,' continued the other; 'she said she was the more pleased because she had herself taken in your celebrated *Almanac* for the last five or six years!'

There is scarcely anything which annoys a man more than to see his name misspelt in a newspaper; and a wrong initial is almost equally exasperating. Thus it is that a good sub-editor who knows the name of almost everybody in the

district in which his newspaper circulates, is a treasure indeed, as all newspaper proprietors know. Such a man is careful that J shall not be confounded with I, Edmund with Edward, James with John, and so on; and this knowledge can only be acquired after years of observation, and even then only by those who have a retentive memory. When there are in a town several persons with the same Christian and the same surname there is a still greater chance of confusion. In a small manufacturing town in Lancashire there live three gentlemen of exactly the same name, and whenever one of these is mentioned in print, the address has to be given in parentheses. A coincidence of this kind occasionally gives rise to some inconvenience, as was shown a short time ago in a town in Wales. Several magistrates had been appointed; and when the necessary documents arrived, a funny discussion took place in the town council as to *who* was really appointed. There were, it seems, no fewer than five prominent men in the town bearing the same name, and each of these was eligible for office. It therefore took a little time to decide which of them was the new magistrate.

Leitch the painter was called 'Leitch with the itch,' to distinguish him from Leech the *Punch* artist; and an arrangement of this kind would be advantageous in many cases. Not many years ago, the London street *gamins*—according to *Punch*—were wont to discriminate between H. J. Byron and Lord Byron by referring to the former as 'im' as wrote *Our Boys*. Every student must have been slightly puzzled at some period of his career in discriminating between father and son, and this task is still more difficult when both have devoted themselves to, and succeeded in, the same art, science, or branch of literature. A good story, with a slightly apocryphal ring, is told of George Colman the younger. Once, after deep meditation, he asked Theodore Hook his age. Hook replied that he had just reached his majority; whereupon Colman muttered: 'Strange! very strange! Extraordinary precocity of genius!' Then he said aloud: 'Twenty-one!—Ah, very good! But, sir, pray tell me how on earth you managed to write that terribly long Roman History?' That Colman had never heard of Dean Hook is scarcely credible; but the mistake of confounding persons who were or still are in the same 'line of business' is made every day by the 'general reader.'

If hereditary genius were more common, the confusion of names would be much greater. Parents generally call the first-born after one or other of its more immediate predecessors, and when these are exhausted, after the aunts and uncles, &c. on either side. Thus, it frequently happens that a certain Christian name runs in a family for generations. Great men, too, seriously affect the variety of Christian names in their own and succeeding generations. Despite Juliet's assertion to the contrary, many persons evidently believe there *is* something in a name; just as Mr Shandy maintained that the misfortunes of the hero of Sterne's remarkable work were due to the mistake of Yorick in rashly christening the boy Tristram, and not Trismegistus. For some time after the Conquest the name of William was very popular; and a lady who well remembers the jubilee of George III., says that in the west of England

most of the children born that year were christened George or Charlotte Jubilee. At one baptism, the lady adds, after several girls were named Charlotte Jubilee, on a boy being presented the old clerk shouted 'George Jubilo!' thinking the other termination feminine. It will be fresh in the recollection of many that during the Queen's jubilee year many children had conferred upon them the name of Jubilee; but an enthusiastic American went still further, and named his child, which was born on the 19th of June 1887, Victoria Jubilee! If this child should reach maturity, one cannot easily calculate what pondering and vexation of spirit this name will cause to some of her correspondents, especially if her autograph is as illegible as autographs usually are. Touching the general practice of bestowing Christian names on children, Camden (*Remains*, 1605) notes a rather curious fact. 'Two Christian names,' he says, 'are rare in England, and I only remember His Majesty and the Prince with more.' It would be interesting to know when the custom of almost invariably giving two Christian names originated.

The old clerk who was so particular about the proper termination was not so very far wrong in his sentiments, after all. The confusion of proper names is quite perplexing enough when female children are christened by names which are usually bestowed on the sterner portion of mankind; but the confusion is greatly enhanced when males are made to bear purely feminine appellations. Maria, for instance, was borne by Daubenton the naturalist, Jacquard of the loom, and Weber the composer of *Der Freischütz*. History affords other examples in the cases of Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France; Anne Hilarion Tourville, the great admiral; or Anne Louis Girodet, the celebrated painter. This mixing up of names is not very general, otherwise the decision of a learned Chief-justice in a recent case, that because a certain person was named Elizabeth was not legal proof that she was a woman, would have been more intelligible to the jury. What the twelve good men and true, or, indeed, any equal number of men, would have thought of such a name as 'George Anne Bellamy,' supposing that they had never heard of that popular actress of the last century, it is difficult to say. These designations were conferred on this lady by a parish clerk, instead of Georgiana; but George Anne she was christened, and George Anne she always called herself.

Themistocles is reported to have been able to call by name every one of the twenty thousand dwellers in Athens; but with the majority of persons this is a very weak point. Everybody knows the familiar story of a young lady who had forgotten a gentleman's name, and who sought to obtain it by a little dissembling. 'I beg your pardon,' she said, 'but how do you spell your name?' 'S-m-i-t-h!' he replied, with some surprise, to the momentary discomfiture of the questioner. But she quickly recovered herself, and with great presence of mind said: 'Thank you. A great many people of your name spell it Smythe, you know, and this was my reason for putting the question.' Another good plan was recently adopted with success by Ellen Terry, who being under some obligation to a newspaper man, offered to introduce him to Mr Irving; but unfortunately, when an opportunity for doing so

presented itself, she had quite forgotten his name. She felt it would be an ill compliment to tell him this, and so, with ready wit, she resorted to a little stratagem. 'Do you know,' she said, 'I've made a wager with Mr Irving, and you can decide it. He says you spell your name one way; I say another. Write it for me.' Unaware of the trick which was being played upon him, the gentleman wrote his name and handed it to the actress. She glanced at it hastily, laughed gaily, and said: 'I've won the bet.' Very few persons could dissemble cleverly enough to get over the difficulty in this way. Still, an artifice of some kind has frequently to be resorted to by many in order to obtain the desired information without hurting the feelings of an acquaintance by confessing that his name has slipped their memory.

### OGILVIE WHITTLECHURCH.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'THERE will be no half-holiday this afternoon.'

It was Dr Layton of Olswick Grammar-school who spoke. His audience consisted of the ushers and pupils of that establishment.

The announcement was not altogether unexpected. In fact, two young gentlemen were already secretly congratulating themselves on having got off so easily. But their hopes were destined to be dashed to the ground—the doctor has not finished. How much does he know?

'I said, young gentlemen,' he continued, 'that there would be no half-holiday; but I speak with a reservation. If I can possibly avoid it, it is not my plan to punish the whole school for the fault of a few of its members. I call on those boys who robbed Mr Hodge's orchard yesterday to give me their names. Unless I am greatly mistaken, they will do so. Will those boys stand up?'

Amidst a breathless silence, two lads stood up in their places.

'Is there no one else?' asked the doctor.

Then every one looked at every one else; the big boys began to look very fierce, and the small ones to look very red.

'I have reason to know that there is another boy who ought to be standing up. I will give him a minute to do so.' The doctor took out his watch. What an age that sixty seconds seemed! 'Ogilvie Whittlechurch, stand up.'

The boy addressed was a slender delicate little fellow in the first form, but with an open and intelligent face, not at all the face of a sneak. Scarcely seeming to take in what was happening, he obeyed; and then, seeing the gaze of the whole school concentrated on himself, burst into tears.

'I am sorry,' said the doctor sternly, 'very sorry to find that there is a boy in my school who can descend to a lie—to find a boy who is mean enough to see his companions punished while he himself goes free. The school may dismiss now, and leave their books out. There will be no half-holiday; we will resume work at three o'clock.—Parkins, Rimington, and Whittlechurch, go to my study.'

Fifty boys do not allow themselves to be robbed of an afternoon's cricket without some retaliation;

and many were the threats indulged in of 'bed-room lickings' and 'monitor thrashings' to be afterwards administered to the unhappy Whittlechurch. Besides, to do them justice, English schoolboys have a strong sense of honour; and if a master will but show by his conduct that he appreciates and trusts in this sense, public opinion is always against a boy who takes advantage of him.

There had been a paper-chase the day before, and the hares on their return journey had passed Hodge's orchard with the hounds close on their heels. Of course, at this, the most exciting part of the whole chase, none of the bigger boys, nor the good runners among the smaller ones, would have turned aside for all the orchards in the county. But the three unfortunates who were interviewing the doctor were known to have straggled early in the day, and nothing was more likely than that they had yielded to the temptation of lightening some of the overlaid apple trees of their golden burden, more especially as Farmer Hodge was the avowed enemy of the school, and was said to have sworn to make the next boy he caught acquainted with his cart-whip. But how the doctor had 'bowled out' Whittlechurch, no one could imagine.

Presently, the school-bell rang, and all trooped in again and took their places as before. Parkins and Rimington were already in theirs, looking very sore and uncomfortable; but Whittlechurch was not in the room. When every one was seated, the doctor tapped his desk for silence, and proceeded to address the school: 'Whittlechurch is expelled. He persisted in denying his guilt; and as I have often told you that I will not be responsible for the charge of a liar, I had no course but to send him back to his father. That he was guilty, there can be no doubt. When Mr Hodge's complaint reached me yesterday afternoon, I walked over to his farm. We went into the orchard, and there I saw his full name, "Ogilvie Whittlechurch," cut on an apple tree. The work was quite recent; it could not have been done more than a couple of hours at most; and in the face of this evidence he still refused to admit that he had been in the orchard.—Let this be a warning to you, young gentlemen. Never be tempted to tell a lie. If you do, you will most assuredly be obliged to tell a score more to substantiate it. But were you to tell a thousand, the end will be always the same—detection.'

While the fifty or so young gentlemen at the Olswick Grammar-school were poring over their books in the worst of tempers, and looking wistfully out of the windows at the cricket pitch, which now appeared doubly green and smooth—while, in short, these youthful aristocrats were extremely miserable, some twenty little paupers, inmates of the Olswick Union, were in the very wildest of high spirits. 'The board' had just concluded its annual inspection, also its annual luncheon, and its annual cigars—the last two forming, by the way, a very considerable item in the annual bill chargeable to the ratepayers—and everything having gone smoothly, the chairman had requested the master of the workhouse to allow the old paupers a ration of tobacco and to give the children a half-holiday.

'Ooray! ooray! Chuck 'er up!' shouted one little ragamuffin.—'Oo's a-goin' to play tipcat?'



cried another.—'Where's Oggy Whittlechurch with them hables?' yelled a third.

'Sh-sh, yer softy! D'yer want to git 'im nabbed? Oggy's took the hables over to the meadow. You come along a-me, and we'll 'ave a blow-out.' So saying, the last two speakers separated from their companions, and running round behind the workhouse, cautiously crossed the garden. This brought them to a stone wall, over which they clambered. They were now in the meadow, and here, sure enough, sitting close to the wall, they found another little fellow waiting for them.

'Ave you got 'em, Oggy?'—'Ave you got the hables?' they both asked at once in an eager whisper.

'Ave I got 'em!' replied the other contemptuously. 'D'yer think I've left 'em behind?' And producing a piece of sacking tied up in a bundle, he proceeded to undo the knot, thus allowing to roll out a store of fine ripe red-cheeked apples.

'O blimy! ain't they prime?'

'Ere's one for you, Bill; 'ere's one for Charlie Miller; and 'ere's one for me. 'Ere's two for you, 'ere's two for Ch—— Douse it, and cut! Can't yer see the Squire comin'! My! ain't 'e runnin'!

The two lads who had just come were over the wall again before he had finished speaking. But the one who had been distributing the apples stayed for a moment to tie up the bundle; then, just as he was about to follow them, he suddenly saw the Squire trip up and fall heavily to the ground; and at the same time realised what he had not noticed before, namely, that the gentleman was not pursuing himself and his companions, but was trying to escape from an infuriated bull, which now made its appearance through a gap at the other end of the field, rushing madly, head down, straight for where he lay. What impulse prompted him he never knew. Had he waited but a fraction of a second to think, he would most probably have followed his companions. But he did not think. He ran as hard as he could go to where the gentleman was lying—the bull was now within six yards—picked up a stone, and threw it at the animal with all his force. It hit the latter between the eyes. The effect was instantaneous. The bull stopped short, tossed his head, half-turned round, and then catching sight of some blankets hung up to dry, which were fluttering in a cottage garden near by, made off in that direction at the top of his speed.

Meanwhile, the Squire, who had twisted his ankle, had with some difficulty got up; and leaning partly on the boy and partly on his stick, hobbled to the gate. 'What is your name, my little man?' he asked.

'Ogilvie Whittlechurch, sir.'

'Queer name that for a pauper,' he muttered. —'Well, Ogilvie Whittlechurch, run back to the workhouse and tell the master that I want to speak to him.—Do you understand? Tell him that Colonel Forward wishes to speak to him.'

'Oh, p-p-lease, sir, we wasn't doing no 'arm. Leastways, the other two wasn't. You'll only tell 'im of me, sir? Will yer?'

'What do you mean, my lad? I don't understand.'

'Ain't yer goin' to tell 'im to whack us for

comin' in the meadow? But you'll only tell 'im of me? Will yer, sir?'

'Oh, I see.—All right, my boy, I won't say anything about the others. Now, off you run, and fetch the master.—By Heaven!' muttered the colonel as he stretched out his leg, which was rather painful, 'but I like that youngster extremely.'

For a few moments he remained thinking; then, half-aloud, he muttered: 'Why shouldn't I? I'm an old bachelor, and likely to remain one. When I die there is no one to carry on my name. Yet I suppose that this is the kind of step that one ought to think over before taking. But then I don't fancy that the boy thought much when he saved my life just now. I wonder who he is. I don't ever remember having heard the name before; but it certainly does not sound a plebeian one.—However, here comes the master, and I'll find out.—Ah, Mr Saunders, I want to ask you about that youngster, Ogilvie Whittlechurch. Who is he, and what is he?'

'Oh, the young scoundrel, sir; he told me that you caught him in your field; but I'll take good care that he doesn't do it again. He's the most mischievous boy in the 'ouse, sir. But he's not altogether a bad lot—he always speaks the truth.'

'Humph! Always speaks the truth, and thinks of his companions before himself, besides being as plucky a youngster as one could wish to see. Why, the boy must have been born a gentleman!' Colonel Forward was evidently a bigoted aristocrat. 'Never mind the trespassing, Mr Saunders. I take an interest in the lad, and want to know who he is. How did he come to the workhouse?'

'We have never been able to find out who he is, sir. He was found one morning in the garden, wrapped up in a shawl. It was just after I came here; I remember it perfectly. He couldn't have been there very long, because the shawl was hardly damp, and the dew had been very heavy. But we never knew who put him there.'

'How was he dressed? Were his clothes good?'

'Not very good, sir; but quite clean. The matron has them now. But there was no mark on them, sir, nothing at all; only "Ogilvie Whittlechurch" written on a piece of paper and pinned on to his frock, as you might label a parcel.'

'And is that all you know about him?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Mr Saunders'—

'Yes, sir.'

'That boy has just saved my life at the risk of his own, and I intend to adopt him as my son. Inform the guardians, please, and let me know their answer.'

'Wh—wh—what! sir?'

'I say that I wish to adopt Ogilvie Whittlechurch. Surely that is plain enough. Now, if you will kindly lend me your arm as far as my house—thanks.'

Colonel Forward had acted, as we have seen, quite on the spur of the moment; and it was not until he came to think the matter over calmly, while smoking his after-dinner cigar, that he fully realised the magnitude of the step, and the great responsibility which he was about to incur. At

best, it would be a hazardous experiment. However, having undertaken it, he would spare no pains to make it a success. And he determined that it should be through no fault of his if Ogilvie Forward—for so he intended to name him—turned out anything other than an honourable English gentleman. He did not care much for the neighbourhood, and had long meditated selling his present residence. Now, it was clearly his duty to do so at once, as it would never do to bring the boy up within a stone's throw of his old companions. This point settled in his own mind, he sat down and wrote the necessary instructions to his solicitors, smoked another cigar, and went to bed.

Ten years have elapsed—years which have passed happily both for Colonel Forward and his adopted son. At nine a boy's ideas are unformed; his mind, is so to speak, pliable, and he is ready to take in new impressions. So that, when, after a few years passed with his kind protector, Ogilvie was sent to Eton—if we except perhaps a sound healthy constitution and good physical development—not a trace remained of his early workhouse training. As for the colonel, he has learned to love him more and more each year, and now blesses the impulse which prompted him thus to secure himself the solace and happiness of a son's society, and saved him in all probability from that terrible affliction, a joyless old age. His worldly fortune, it is true, is now considerably less than it was. The reason—speculation, in which, like many other retired officers of comfortable means who feel keenly the want of occupation, he had been tempted to engage. However, he still had enough to live on; but, for his son's sake, he regretted that it was not more.

From Eton, Ogilvie passed into Woolwich, and from Woolwich he was gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. His detachment was stationed at Leith, where they were employed renewing the submarine defences of that port. When the main part of the work had been completed, several of the officers, Ogilvie among the number, sent in their applications for leave, which were approved in due course. His plans were to devote a week to a short walking-tour in the neighbourhood, which he had hardly as yet had time to see at all; and then to spend the rest of his leave with his father. Accordingly, one fine June morning, stick in hand and knapsack on back, he started on his travels. It was quite early, and, except for a few workmen, the streets were practically deserted. There were also a few sailors hanging about the dockyard gates. One of these latter, who had been sitting on a bundle against the wall, got up as he passed and followed him. Looking round a few minutes afterwards, he noticed that the man was still behind him. 'I wonder if that man can be following me for any reason?' he thought; and then smiling at the idea that he was getting as fidgety as an old maiden lady, he dismissed the subject from his thoughts.

It was a delightful morning, bright and exhilarating; and under the combined influences of the freshness of the weather and his own light heart, he stepped out briskly. When clear of the town,

he stopped for a minute to readjust the straps of his knapsack, and, while doing so, had leisure to inspect the sailor, who was a few paces off. His appearance was certainly not in his favour. He was about middle height, solidly built, with a short thick neck, and bullet head surmounted by a fur cap. His face, which was adorned by a scrubby black beard and moustache, indicated both cunning and ferocity. His bundle and a pair of big sea-boots, as well as an indescribable something about his walk and carriage, showed him to be a sailor. But had it not been for these, one would have felt more inclined to put him down as a professional burglar than anything else.

What, then, was Ogilvie's astonishment when, just as he was putting on his knapsack again, the individual we have described walked coolly up to him and thus accosted him: 'And so you're Capt' Forward?'

To the best of his knowledge, the man was an utter stranger; and he was so taken aback with his impertinence, that for a second or two he continued to take stock of him before answering. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am Mr Forward.'

'And you don't remember me?'

'No.'

'What! you don't remember your old pal, Charlie Miller—and we used to be that fond of each other, too, we used. Now, try to think, capt'ing; sure-ly, you must remember Charlie.' Having said this in a mocking tone, the man remained looking at Ogilvie, his face formed into a half-sneer, half-grin, which had the effect of making him look absolutely hideous.

Suddenly a light broke on Ogilvie; it all came back to his memory now, the old days at Olswick, and the little paupers, his companions. He did remember him. With an inward shudder, he had to acknowledge to himself that this person had once been his friend. Naturally kind-hearted, he would, under ordinary circumstances, have been only too glad to do a good turn to one of his old associates, notwithstanding that their present paths of life were, and necessarily must be, on levels so very different. But suddenly confronted with him like this, he felt towards him a repugnance which he could not overcome. He made, moreover, a shrewd guess that it was not alone for the pleasure of greeting an old acquaintance that Miller had tracked him down; and events showed that he was right.

'Now that you remind me,' he continued, 'I do remember you. You were one of my play-mates before Colonel Forward adopted me. How did you find out where I was?—and what can I do for you?'

'Ah! now you're beginning to speak. You were only talking before.—Never mind how I found you out—that don't matter. As for what I want—well, what d'yer think I want? Not money—Oh no! 'Tisn't likely. What I wants is L, and S, and D; but chiefly L, and that with a fifty after it; that's what I want.'

'Fifty pounds!' said Ogilvie. 'I cannot give you as much as that—certainly not now. But why do you want it?'

'Well, capt'ing, you see, I was always very fond of yer; and hearing that the other young toffs down yonder at the barracks didn't know as 'ow you'd ever been anything different from what

you are—and you bein' in course too modest to tell—I thought, d'yer see, as I'd be doin' you a good turn by lettin' 'em know the 'ole story. They'd respect you, so I thought—you 'avin' made your way so wonderful—it commands respect, that does. But this morning I thought—I was thinking of yer all this morning—afore you was up, I was thinking of yer—I thought this: Oggy weren't never a boaster, and p'raps 'e'd rather I didn't say nothing after all. So, when you come out of the barracks, captin, I says to myself: "Well, I'll just ask 'im myself," I says; "and if 'e tells me to clap a stopper on my jaw-tackle—well, p'raps 'e'll come down 'an'some."

'So!' thought Ogilvie, after listening to the above speech, which was delivered in a sarcastic tone, showing that the speaker imagined that he had him completely at his mercy, 'this is nothing more or less than a deliberate attempt to extort blackmail.'

Now, although his brother-officers believed him to be Colonel Forward's son, he was sufficiently popular in the mess not to mind the true facts of the case coming to light. At the same time, however, he did not like the idea of this man appearing at the barracks in his absence with a sensational story which would most likely be adorned with numerous embellishments of his own. Of course, no one in the mess would listen to him; but that most probably would only have the effect of making him retail it in the canteen, which would be worse. Take it which way he would, it was a nuisance; and unless he chose to return at once, and so spoil his walking-tour, which he had no intention of doing, it could not be helped.

'Not only will I not give you fifty pounds,' he answered, 'but I will not give you fifty shillings. What you propose to do can cause me nothing more than a little temporary inconvenience; so please consider yourself free to go and do it as soon as ever you please. If you have nothing more to say to me, I will go on with my walk.'

The other's face fell visibly. This was not at all what he had bargained for. 'What! you don't mind them young toffs knowing you was brought up in the Union along a-me?' Then suddenly changing his tone, he continued: 'But there! you knew Charlie Miller wasn't a-goin' to play a low-down game like that, didn't yer? Why, bless yer, Oggy, I was only larkin'. And to think you been and seen through it—and me thinkin' I was a-goin' to give you such a fright too. But, captin, if you 'ave got a thick-un or two to spare, I'm dead-broke—I'm really—been bousing up my jib all last week, and ain't got a dollar left. I want to get a ship at Glasgow, and by what I can see, I'll 'ave to tramp it.'

Many people would have been equally deaf to this second appeal; but Ogilvie, although fully alive to its insincerity, could not help giving the fellow a sovereign. After all, but for a strange turn of the wheel of fortune he would very likely have been his friend to this very day, and been instrumental in keeping him straight. 'Look here, Miller,' he said. 'I have not forgotten that we were boys together; but circumstances have altered our positions, and we can have nothing in common now. Here is a sovereign. I hope

you will find a good ship at Glasgow; and let me advise you for the future to stick to your business, and not run about the country trying to frighten people into giving you money. It doesn't pay.—Now, good-bye.' And turning on his heel, Ogilvie walked off in the direction of Queensferry.

For a few moments the other remained watching him in silence; but finding that he did not even look behind, he turned and commenced to retrace his steps towards Leith. 'Blarst 'im!' he muttered. 'I thought 'e'd be worth a mint o' money to me. But I won't blow on 'im—'twouldn't be no good. Besides, a secret's a secret, and maybe it'll be worth something yet.'

## WIRE-DRAWING.

THE business of wire-drawing consists in reducing the metal from the state in which it is technically called 'rods' to the finished wire. The 'rods' are the metal which has been rolled hot, and reduced from a square to a round shape, and are generally about a quarter of an inch in diameter; and this manufacture of rods is a separate and distinct business from wire-drawing. The wire is drawn cold through steel plates in which a hole is punched, and the process of reducing the size is done gradually, that is to say the wire is passed through a succession of holes, thus gradually decreasing its size. A wire-drawing bench consists of a long table or bench, on which are placed a succession of cylinders, which are made to revolve by means of wheels placed underneath the bench. The wire to be operated on is put in a coil on 'swifts,' which are placed upon the floor in front of the bench; and these swifts consist of an upright frame of stout bars arranged in the form of a truncated cone, which revolves as the wire is drawn on to the block, the plate which is to reduce the size being placed between the 'swift' and the 'block.'

It is obvious that the wire cannot be pulled through the plate by means of the revolving block until the wire has become attached to the block; and as the point-end of the wire has to be first passed through the hole in the plate before it goes on to the block, some means must be provided for drawing the point-end of the wire through the plate to a sufficient length for attachment to the block; and this is provided for by a bar with a pair of pincers at the end of it, with a couple of links attached to the end of the pincers—to the ends which are held in the hand in the case of an ordinary pair of pincers—and these links are joined to a single ring at the end of the bar, so that when the other end of the bar is pulled, the jaws of the pincers come together and grip the piece of the wire which is first threaded through the hole in the plate. But the force necessary to draw the first yard or so through the plate, to give length enough to attach to the revolving block, would be very considerable, and this power is applied by a simple arrangement. At the bottom of the upright block is a cam, constantly going round horizontally with the block; but this cam in its sweep catches the end of the bar to which the pincers are attached at the opposite extremity, and this causes the

pincers to pull round in the direction in which the block is going, dragging the wire through the plate till there is length enough to attach to the revolving block, when, by putting the foot on a treadle, the block is brought down so that the cam is under the level of the table, and the pincers lie idle until they are again required. The wire now goes on winding round the block, and is wound off the swift, which is on the floor, and through the drawing-plate, until all the supply from the swift is exhausted.

The metal on the block is now 'drawn-wire;' and the process is repeated by running the wire through a smaller hole, and so on until it reaches the required size.

The wire, however, becomes harder with each hole it goes through, and it will ultimately become so brittle that it would break like glass unless it is softened. The coils are therefore taken away from the drawing-bench and are placed in an annealing furnace or pot, where they are subjected to a considerable heat, for a longer or shorter time according to the degree of softness required. This annealing causes a 'scale' to appear on the wire, and this must be removed before the wire can be again drawn. The rings are therefore taken to a bath, consisting of what is termed 'salts,' that is, an acid solution, which removes the scale and leaves it in the bath. The wire after being left as long as is necessary in the solution, is taken out and washed, and then dipped in a trough containing a paste of slaked lime. Then the rings are put into an oven and baked until the lime forms a dry coating on the wire, which is now ready for re-drawing.

Even with this coating the wire cannot be passed through the plates without soap or grease being applied to it before it passes into the plate. Some classes of wire are also subjected to a tempering process, which all wire-drawers keep secret as far as they can, and this process adds greatly to the strength and toughness of the metal.

A soft metal which has been annealed is exceedingly tough and is difficult to break by bending; but in this condition it is of low breaking strain, that is to say it will only resist a comparatively small strain under direct pull; but when it is drawn through the plate the strength is increased and the toughness reduced, so that the object to be attained in wire-drawing is to combine the greatest amount of toughness with the required breaking strain.

The breaking strain of steel wire varies from forty-five tons per square inch to one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty tons; and the skill of the wire-drawer aims at producing that quality of wire which shall best attain the special characteristics required and at the least cost. The keen competition which now exists in this, as in almost every branch of industry, has unfortunately resulted in such a cheapening of the wire as to render it impossible to produce the best article at the lowest market prices in each class of material, because, unless a good metal is commenced with in the rods, it is impossible for the wire-drawer to produce a finished article of first-rate quality, although the very best skill may be put into the work; but if his object is to make the cheapest possible article from the material at his command, he may so reduce the labour expended on his metal as to considerably cheapen his production, but at

the expense of the enduring quality of his finished article.

Of late years the use of iron has been to a very great extent superseded by steel of low qualities, because a cheap steel can be produced at less money than good iron; but this cheapening is not attained without in many cases a loss of working quality. On the other hand, some of the results now obtained could never have been achieved by the use of iron, as, for example, where great strength is required combined with lightness in the article into which the wire is worked.

The purposes for which wire is used are extremely numerous. Perhaps the largest quantity is consumed for telegraph-work, for land lines and for submarine cables. Much is also wanted for wire-ropes, which have almost superseded hemp-ropes for colliery and engineering purposes. Then, again, there is spring-wire for beds and upholsterers' work. In this case the wire should be 'coppered,' to prevent its rusting, and this is done by drawing it through a solution of sulphate of copper, which leaves a thin film on the iron after it has passed through the draw-plate. Wire for fencing and for galvanised netting is a very considerable item.

Needle and pin wire-making is also a considerable manufacture. Square and 'paragon' wire for umbrellas also occupies a great many hands. Copper and brass wire-drawing forms an industry quite distinct from the manufacture of steel and iron wire, and the same firms do not usually produce both classes of metal.

The men engaged in wire-drawing are usually paid by the 'piece;' that is to say, they get so much per hundredweight for the quantity they draw, and they have thus a direct interest in preventing waste occasioned by breaking the wire in passing through the plate, and the men acquire considerable skill from long practice. They do not all do the same kind of work; some men, for example, are specially skilled in the production of 'fine' wire, that is, wire of small diameter; but notwithstanding all the care which may be exercised, there is a good deal of waste by the wire breaking into short lengths when it is reduced to very small sizes.

There are also men who are specially skilled in drawing 'shaped' wire; that is to say, wire of shapes other than round, as, for example, square, oval, half-round, and other special forms required for particular purposes.

The wages paid to the men here are higher than on the Continent, and consequently the foreign maker can produce a wire for less money than we can in England; and owing to the facilities given by the foreign railways, a foreign maker often incurs less carriage for delivery in England than is expended in the railway rate from one part of England to another. The Englishman beats the foreigner in the quality, and consequently wire is exported from here, notwithstanding the dearer wages and heavy carriage; but the quality of many makes of wire is being reduced, owing to the consumers of the finished article into which the wire is made seeking to buy at less and less first cost, generally thereby ensuring to the user an increased cost in the long run. This would seem to be a very short-sighted policy, for the user seems to forget that the maker cannot continue to give twenty-five shillings-worth



of goods for twenty shillings; and in these days of over-production, the wire-drawer has first to reduce his prices as low as he can without deteriorating the quality, and then, if his customer still wants lower prices, he has to take it off his cost of the raw material, with the inevitable result of reduced quality, although the article may be sold by the same name as formerly. It is also certain that a wire-drawer who knows all about the material he is dealing with can select his metal so as to give the results he requires; but he cannot make a good sound wire from an inferior metal, however well he may do the work which by the division of labour has fallen to his share.

### GHOST CUT GHOST.

THAT cold-blooded demon which we call Science is killing romance from amongst us. Years ago everybody believed in the wonders of the invisible world, and ghosts were among the regular inhabitants of every rural district. Now, we are so seldom suffered to see or hear of a ghost, that a visitation has the effect of novelty. So far as we know, the story of one ghost outwitting another is absolutely unique. The story which we purpose to tell is of this character. We tell it as it was told to us by the most noted detective in the Western States of America.

You may imagine (said Nathan Dodge) that during my career as a detective I have had some singular jobs given me to work on. There was one little piece of business which I always look back upon with a good deal of professional pride, although the ending was a very sad one. It was a case of diamond cut diamond—ghost cut ghost, I call it—and it took up my time for the better part of six months.

About ten miles outside the limits of San Francisco—I'm speaking of about twenty years ago—stood a large farmhouse. This house had been vacant for three years before I saw it. The original owner had been murdered there, and the house and farm had passed into the hands of his brother, who was a New York gentleman. At that time, gold-mining was the staple industry of California, and San Francisco especially was under the spell of the gold fever. Little attention was paid to developing the agricultural wealth of the soil, which now promises to be so vast as to rival that of the gold-beds. So the New Yorker, being unable to find a tenant for the house and farm which had passed into his hands, left them to take care of themselves. Now, a wooden house left to take care of itself is in a very bad way, and though for a time the house was not altogether without tenants, they were not such as took upon themselves any responsibility for the necessary repairs. Parties of two or three miners occasionally stopped at the house all night: these were its only tenants. But by-and-by it was deserted by even those chance visitants; for it began to get about that the house was haunted. The panic caused by this report was such that for love or money you couldn't have hired a carpenter to enter it even in the daytime. Of course I'd heard of the haunted house; but as detectives are never called upon to arrest ghosts, I felt no particular curiosity about it.

One morning our chief put into my hands a case against an absconding secretary named Coffin. Coffin was the secretary of the White Mountain Mining Company. All the funds had been under his control, and he had got away with some ten thousand dollars belonging to the shareholders. My business was to find him.

It is always a very good plan to begin at the beginning. So the day I received my orders, I went to the Company's office and overhauled everything. The only thing that I could find was a railroad ticket for New York. I went to the depot, and found that it had been issued to the defaulter the day before he absconded. Apparently, it had been left behind by mistake, and I did think of taking the next train to New York. But it occurred to me that if he had been going to New York he would have gone under another name, and would not have left behind so obvious a clue as to his whereabouts.

A visit to his landlady convinced me that New York was the place he hadn't gone to. He'd gone away without his trunks or clothes. The only things that were missing were a suit of clothes, a stout pair of boots, one or two clean shirts, some collars, a wide-awake hat, and a black valise. He had left the town at night. No one had witnessed his departure. Here was a good chance for a detective to work by the inductive process—from small beginnings to work on and on from clue to clue until he bagged his man.

The only thing that I could do was to work all the roads leading out of the town. After about a week at this, I found a farm-hand who had seen a foot-passenger resembling my man the morning after he absconded. I followed this trail, and soon became positive that I was on the right track. Coffin was a shrewd fellow. He had planned the embezzlement and escape carefully, and had made elaborate preparations for playing what we call the 'chameleon game,' that is, for changing his clothing, headgear, and face at every stage. To this end he had possessed himself of a change or two of clothing, a stock of hats, and any quantity of whiskers; and he rung the changes on these pretty frequently.

The black bag was the only thing that I had to rely upon as a pointer. Fortunately, a man on tramp with a black bag was not in those days a common sight; and I had less difficulty in following Coffin's trail than might be supposed. The first time I heard of him he was a smooth-faced gentleman dressed in shabby black, looking for all the world like a broken-down gambler going to retrieve his fortunes in some mining camp. The next he was a middle-aged doctor with a flowing beard and heavy moustache. Later on, he was playing the rôle of a Company promoter, offering to buy up mining claims on behalf of an English syndicate. He was then attired in a check suit, a light hat, and side whiskers. At this stage I obtained positive proof that I was following the right man.

Entering a drinking saloon I saw upon the shelf a photograph of Coffin. The edges were slightly charred. It had evidently been burnt. I told the landlord that the owner of that face was a particular friend of mine, and asked him how the photograph came into his possession. He told me that his hired boy of colour had picked it out of some burnt papers which had been left

in the room of one of his guests; that the boy—not understanding what it was—had brought it to him, and that he was displaying it in case the owner returned and wished to claim it. Was it like his guest? Not in the least.

I went into one of the outhouses to look for the coloured boy, and found him sitting on a log singing:

Blow dat horn agin;  
Bredren, fr'ends, companions dear,  
Blow dat horn agin.

I made a dollar the avenue to that boy's confidence, and quite unwittingly he gave me the information for which I was seeking. The bright fastening of the bag had aroused his curiosity. One day, in its owner's absence, whilst he was playing with the lock, the bag flew open, revealing 'dead men's whiskers.' The sight disconcerted him. He felt, as he expressed it, 'in a hurry all over;' and whilst he stood over the bag, its owner returned, and rewarded him with a vicious kick.

After that I thought I should have no difficulty in laying my hand on Coffin. My calculations deceived me. I found that he was 'doubling,' and traced him almost as far as the suburbs of San Francisco. There I lost all trace of him as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up.

Months afterwards, feeling vexed and disappointed, I dropped into a saloon at the outskirts of the town to get a 'liquor.' I had had as pretty a dance after Coffin as any man need want; but the interest of the game supported me, and I was determined not to give it up. There were three or four miners in the bar, and one of them was evidently greatly excited. His companions seemed to be ridiculing him, and he was getting what we call 'ugly.' I made my way towards the little knot of talkers, and overheard the following conversation.

'So, you didn't think much of your lodgings in the haunted house, Bill?'

'No, I didn't—no two ways about it.'

'What did you hear?'

'Twasn't what I heard—'twas what I saw.'

'What did you see, then?'

'Why, the doors openin' and shuttin' without anybody touchin' 'em.'

'Nonsense, man!'

'Nonsense be blowed! I tell you they did. And when I drew my six-shooter and fired half a dozen shots clean through the door—makin' the all-firedest row you ever heard—the door kep' openin' and shuttin' and playin' tunes. I felt like a gone sucker, you bet. My heart began to bump so under my jacket that it's a wonder it didn't knock a button off. I wouldn't go there agin for all the money in the State. But if anybody here thinks I'm a coward, he's only got to say so.'

It suddenly occurred to me that I had located Coffin—that he was the ghost in the haunted house. A vague suspicion of this sort had, it is true, flitted through my mind before; but now, without being able to explain why, I felt assured that, however impossible it might seem, Coffin was the ghost in the haunted house. Beyond the facts that the fame of the haunted house was widespread, and that everybody knew

of its existence, there was nothing to support my theory except the maxim of the most famous of all detectives—a maxim destined to assure his after-fame: 'Always suspect that which seems probable; and begin by believing what appears incredible.'

I determined to call in the aid of another detective and visit the place next night. I chose for my companion George Webber, one of the most esteemed members of the force, a man who had proved his worth. Webber was a man of imperturbable calmness, and with great confidence in himself. He would have laid his hand upon the most dangerous criminal as tranquilly as if he had been accosting a friend.

The haunted farmhouse was situated about a hundred yards from the roadway. What once had been a garden was now a veritable jungle, given up to weeds and bushes. Fortunately, although it was ten o'clock, the night was clear. Innumerable stars lit up the flinty sky. There was no light in the house; no sign of its being inhabited. The windows of the ground-floor were broken, and some of the doors were open. We entered at the rear. A place of more sinister aspect I never saw. The plastering had crumbled from the walls; the flooring was rotten; the ceiling looked as though it might fall at any time, the rafters being bent as if they supported a heavy weight.

The sitting-room where 'Bill' had taken up his quarters a few nights previously contained a rough table and a few stools, which had been overturned. I could see that the door which led from it to the staircase had been riddled by bullets. There was a doorway in the passage, but the door was gone. The door which led into the parlour opened noiselessly. Our lanterns revealed the fact that the tables, glass, and chairs had been overturned, thrown in every direction, trodden upon, shivered into fragments. Everything denoted that this room had been the scene of a terrible struggle.

The keyhole of the door which led into the cellar was sewn up with cobwebs. The cellar itself was full of dust and debris. Each of us had a lantern, and each inspected for himself. Running along the side-wall, I detected a wire, and following this I found that it disappeared in an old barrel. Without disturbing the wire, I removed the head of the barrel, and found that the wire was attached to an old saucepan lid. A thorough examination revealed nothing further; so we returned to the sitting-room. I did not tell my companion what I had seen, and he had discovered nothing. We did not go up-stairs, because we thought it would be prudent to postpone further explorations until the next day. Meantime, we darkened our lanterns and deposited them in a corner. The room was semi-dark. Our eyes and ears were on the alert; but the house was as still as a tomb; we saw nothing, and heard no sound.

I had merely told my companion that I expected to make an important discovery. Of its nature he knew nothing.

We waited in the most acute degree of expectation and attention until nearly midnight. All of a sudden I heard faint notes of music, which lasted for a few minutes. By-and-by the music was accompanied by a voice. The sounds were

as fine and soft as the voice of a child. I was satisfied that the music was the work of human hands and the voice a human voice; but I was considerably startled. My companion looked very pale, and strove to rise from the place where he sat. I put my hand on his arm to prevent him. It was scarcely necessary, for he could barely muster strength to whisper, 'Let's get.' The music was trailing away into feebleness, when the staircase door began to open and shut. I felt sure that the wire which I had seen down-stairs had something to do with this. I made a great effort to rise. To my astonishment, I could not move a limb. I could only bend forward and gasp. A power which I could not resist made me motionless and speechless. Yet all the time I was burning to 'go' for that door, but I hadn't physical capacity to do so.

My companion recovered first, and seizing both lanterns, dashed from the house and made for the roadway. I jumped to my feet and followed my companion. As I did so, I heard a tunk, tunk, tunk! down in the cellar.

I found my mate in the highway, his face as white as a sheet.

'What in thunder ails you, man?' I asked, feeling that the most creditable way of drawing my companion's attention from my condition was to heighten the absurdity of his.

'The ghost!' he gasped. 'I wouldn't go back to that house to save my life.'

There was nothing for it but to tell Webber what I'd seen and what I suspected. As I have said, my fellow-defective was as brave a man as ever took up a trail; and when I told him what I had seen, he became perfectly self-possessed. We spent the remainder of the night in laying our plans. In the early morning he rode back to San Francisco to get the necessary apparatus for carrying them out. I remained to 'shadow' the house.

Just as it was getting dusk, my companion returned, and we re-entered the house from the rear, noiselessly and with great caution. Removing my shoes, I made my way up-stairs, where I fancied I detected a slight noise overhead. There was no sign of this room having been inhabited. The old place was two stories high, with a garret at the top. The garret was evidently reached by a ladder, though none was visible. I surmised that the ghost was in this garret, and that any one showing his head above the scuttle would get it rapped, even if he didn't get shot. There was a large cupboard facing the entrance to the garret, and in the door of it I bored—on a level with my eyes—a few small holes with a gimlet which I happened to have in my pocket-knife, first drawing it through my hair, to prevent its making the slightest noise. My plan was to play the ghost for the benefit of the occupant of the garret—ghost or no ghost. For this purpose Webber had brought with him an old fiddle. I removed all the strings except one, told my companion to allow me time to secrete myself above, and then to make a noise on that one string, accompanying it with a few groans and other muffled noises.

I hadn't been hid many minutes before I heard the darndest row from below. It wasn't like anything earthly. At first it seemed like one shrieking in pain, then it sounded like bellige-

rent cats, and then it died away in a few complaining sighs. It was so weird that, although I knew very well that my mate was causing it, I couldn't help feeling a bit queer. Pretty soon I heard a movement overhead: the scuttle-top was being removed. Next a ladder was thrust down the scuttle. To help Webber to keep up the entertainment, I gave a few groans inside the cupboard. That brought a man down the ladder. He'd no sooner reached the foot of it than I collared him. It was Coffin.

The moment I touched him he sank down on the floor like—an empty sack. He seemed as if he hadn't got a bone in his body: he was as limp as a jelly-fish. Whilst I got him out into the open air, Webber searched the garret, and found all the missing dollars, bonds, &c.

We hurried Coffin back to San Francisco, intending to lock him up. He was still unconscious, and we were obliged to summon a doctor. Poor fellow! he never got over it. When he came out of his swoon, he was mad, and had to spend the rest of his days in an asylum. That's the effect it has, sir, when a man really believes he has come in contact with the supernatural, as Coffin did.

#### RECENT SALES OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

MOST middle-aged people will remember the craze for collecting used postage stamps which about the year 1861 seemed to possess every grade of society; but perhaps few are aware how, after the mania subsided, a select few still continued the pursuit, and developed what had been the wild fancy of a moment into the science of Philately. That the collecting of postage stamps deserves the name of science will be denied by many. Yet, if careful and minute observation, research, dexterity, taste, judgment, and patience are sufficient to lift a pursuit from a hobby to a science, then assuredly Philately is a science. Eminent lawyers, physicians, men of letters, and even statesmen are now numbered among enthusiastic stamp collectors; and there are three collections in existence—that of Mr T. K. Tapling, M.P., Herr von Ferrary, and Baron Arthur de Rothschild, which are worth in the aggregate more than one hundred thousand pounds. This latter fact will ensure the respect of many persons who would deny it to any pursuit in which considerable sums of money were not involved.

Postage-stamp collecting of necessity lacks age, as the first postage stamp was issued in 1840, and of course it was impossible to collect what did not exist. England had the honour of issuing the first stamp, which was in value one penny, and in colour black. These stamps are still common; a used specimen can be purchased of any dealer for a penny, and an unused one for a shilling. Mr Martin Wears, who has devoted some attention to the history of stamps and stamp-collecting, is of opinion that the mania, as it was then called, began soon after the issue of postage stamps. *Punch* even thought it necessary to ridicule those who devoted themselves to the pursuit. But ridicule seems to have utterly failed in arresting the progress of the new hobby, which by fits and starts continued to enlist

new admirers until 1861, when the fashion received a marked impetus, or, to use an expressive Americanism, the big 'Stamp Boom' took place. After the general excitement had subsided, those who remained in the depleted ranks of collectors set to work to study the subject in a scientific manner; and it was then that attention was paid to the many varieties of paper, perforation, watermark, printing, and colour which stamps present. Many of these varieties are very minute; and the presence or absence of a watermark, the difference between stamps imperforated, rouletted, *percé en scie*, *percé en serpentine*, &c., often makes the difference of several shillings and sometimes of several pounds in the value of stamps.

Almost every description of paper known has been used at one time or another to print stamps, and minor varieties are infinite in printing and colour. To give one example: the familiar penny red stamp which was in use in England from 1864 to 1880 boasts one hundred and fifty distinct though minor varieties. It will be seen by this that to have a good knowledge of stamps requires some application, and to those who have a fancy for the pursuit it affords boundless occupation and amusement. In the year 1872 was held the first public sale of stamps by auction. The well-known firm of Messrs Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge conducted the sale; and the rooms where some of the finest collections of books and coins in the world had been dispersed, opened their doors to the despised postage stamp. Some of the prices realised were very good for the time, although the value of really rare stamps now makes them appear extremely small. In quoting the few lots which follow, the probable sum which the same stamp would now realise may prove interesting:

Lots 15, 16, 17, and 18, eight stamps of St Louis, being every known variety, all very rare, brought £19, 12s. (These would now be worth considerably more than £100.)—Lot 49, Jefferson Market Post-office, pink, unique (this is a local stamp of the United States), £5.—Lot 109 (another unique local) fetched £7, 15s.—Lot 124, Bolivia 5 c., violet, £1, 3s. (Now worth about the same.)—Lot 125, Bolivia 10 c., brown, 17s. (It is curious that in the recent sale of postage stamps, Nov. 24, 1888, a similar stamp realised exactly the same money.)—Lot 147, Mexico 1867, thin paper, set of four stamps, £1, 9s. (These would now be worth only 4s.)—Lot 156, set of four New South Wales, view of Sydney, unused, £3, 3s. (Now worth £10.)—Lot 159, Sandwich Isles, first issue, 13 cents, very fine specimen, £6, 10s. (Now worth about £65.)

The sale, however, was considered a very satisfactory one at the time; and it is strange that—as far as we are aware—the next sale should have taken place only after such an exceedingly long interval as sixteen years. Still, we are unable to trace one between 1872 and 1888 in England, although New York has long had periodical auctions, and one gentleman recently held his seventeenth consecutive sale. The recent sale was arranged by Mr Douglas Garth, Secretary to the London Philatelic Society, who, in the interest of collectors, very kindly undertook a work which must have given him a great deal of trouble. His hope, however, that this first sale—for the one of 1872 has passed into history—would prove

the forerunner of a long series, seems likely to be realised, as the auctioneer, Mr Thomas Bull, has since held several. Three hundred and ten lots were sold on November 24, 1888, and the prices show that there is still plenty of money among stamp collectors. Lot 18, an envelope stamp of Mauritius, 1s., yellow, very rare, but cut round, and therefore virtually spoilt, £3, 15s.—Lot 48, Afghan, 1871 issue, 8 annas, unused, £6.—Lot 76, Brazil, 1844 issue, 600 reis, £1, 10s.—Lot 77, British Columbia, 1869, 10 cents, very rare, £1, 3s.—Lot 83, British Guiana, 1850, 12 cents, £5.—Lot 84, British Guiana, better specimen, £5, 10s.—Lot 94, Bulgaria, 1886 issue, error of colour, 5 stot, rose, £2, 5s.—Lot 103, Cape of Good Hope, 1861, error of colour, torn and mended, £15.—Lot 137, Great Britain, 1840, 1d., black, with V.R. in corners, an official stamp, never issued to the public, £5, 15s.—Lot 186, Mauritius, 1848 issue, pair of 1d. stamps, £4, 5s.—Lot 205, New Brunswick, 1857, 1s., very fine, £5.—Lot 297, Trinidad local stamp, 1847, £13, 13s.—Lot 298, Tuscany, 1860, 3 lire, yellow, £12, 12s.

When we find men remarkable for capacity in law, in physic, and in business giving fifteen pounds for a piece of soiled and torn paper, it seems probable there must be more in stamp-collecting than a cursory glance would lead one to believe. Before concluding, it may be well to remark that all the prices quoted above are for stamps of exceptional rarity, and that common stamps are of little value. A collection of one thousand different stamps in good condition can be purchased for one pound.

#### SWALLOWS.

THE swallows fly high, the swallows fly low,  
And summer winds come, and summer days go;  
They are building nests 'neath the cottage eaves;  
They dream not of autumn or fading leaves.  
The soft showers are falling, the west winds blow,  
The swallows fly high, the swallows fly low.

But summer is passing, and golden sheaves  
Are whispering of winter and withered leaves;  
The woodlands are ringing the whole day long;  
The swallows are singing their farewell song;  
They sing of a land where they long to be,  
Of endless summers far over the sea.

O sunshine! O swallows! Sweet summer-time,  
Ye sing to my heart of youth's golden prime—  
And distance and death, and long years between,  
Recede with their joys and their sorrows keen;  
And tender eyes lingeringly rest on me—  
Loved eyes, that on earth I shall no more see.

For spring brings the swallows to last year's nest,  
And world-weary hearts wander home to rest.  
No home like the old of sunshine and dew;  
No faces so dear and no heart so true!  
Whenever, wherever my feet may roam,  
My heart turns with love to my childhood's home.

MARY J. MURCHIE.

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